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A SUMMER MORNING.

The day-king rises from his bed
In the blushing eastern sky,
The trembling stars from heaven have fled,
In grief the night-queen hides her head,
Her hour has come to die.

The sleepy flow'erts ope their eyes,
And nod their dew-crowned heads,
While fragrance from their censers rise,
Like breath of far-off Paradise,
O'er sleeping angel's beds.

The startled elves are hid away
In depths of forest green,
To weave bright-colored dreams all day,
In wildflower's cups where they must stay,
'Till moonlight's mystic gleam.

Bright song-birds fill the clear, sweet air
With music glad and free,
And squirrels darting here and there,
Seem saying, "Who so free from care,
So blithe and gay as we?"

The fragrant scent of new-mown hay,
The sparkle of the stream,
The joyous sounds of the new day,
Make careworn hearts grow light and gay,
And heaven nearer seem.

ONE DAY'S FISHING.

One morning when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens,
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for luncheon recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning, and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
The bag was as flat as a flounder,
And Bessie had neatly hooked the game—
A hundred-and-eighty-pounder.
—[Boston Gazette.

ONE NIG T'S EXPERIENCE.

BY JULIA ALVORD.

"Are you quite sure you will not be afraid, Maude? Remember, we will not be home till late," said Mrs. Kennet, bestowing an anxious glance upon the face of her beautiful daughter, who stood at the wicket gate watching the departure of her parents upon a trip to town.

"Very sure, mamma darling," answered Maude, smilingly.

Maud had spoken with a great deal of assurance; for, though an only child, and eighteen years of age, she had never spent an hour alone, and imagined innumerable delights from having the entire house and premises to herself, and watched the hired men depart for their homes with secret satisfaction.

"Now for a good time!" she said, aloud.

And procuring her favorite book, she threw herself upon the sofa and commenced reading.

But, some way, the silence was strangely oppressive, and the ticking of the clock sounded so loud and solemn that at last she could endure the house no longer.

And though it lacked a full hour of "chore time," she arose and, donning her mob-cap of dotted cambric, and her immense white apron, and rolling her sleeves above the dimpled elbows, she proceeded to the barn, and dispensed the evening meal to the chickens, calves and pigs, much to their surprise, and managed to while away the lagging minutes till at last the lengthening shadows and chill night air warned her of approachable darkness.

And with a parting caress to the sleek old cattle, she lifted her pails of foaming milk and proceeded to the cellar—a sort of cave in the back yard.

"It is not so pleasant to be alone, after all," she soliloquized; "and I, for one, fail to see the pleasures of solitude."

And it was with lagging step that she approached the house, looking so strange without the busy, bustling form and cheery face of mamma.

"Good-evening, miss!" said a cheery voice.

And glancing toward the sound, Maud beheld a gentleman, young and handsome, standing within the low, deep porch.

"I began to think the house deserted," he continued.

And Maud blushed vividly, trying to remove the really bewitching mob-cap, and thereby ruffling her intensely auburn curls, and altogether presenting a truly lovely picture of maiden coyishness.

But toilet and uncovered arms were speedily forgotten, as she listened to the next remark of the stranger.

"Excuse me, Miss—Kennet, but I have an unpleasant errand to perform. I chanced to overhear a plan whereby it is proposed to rob this house to-night, in the absence of your father."

"Who are you, sir? And how do you know that papa is not at home?" cried Maude, her blue eyes fairly black with excitement.

The stranger's handsome face flushed at the implied doubt of his honesty, but he replied very calmly:

"I was hunting, and had stopped behind a clump of willows down by the creek, to wait for a flock of ducks to fly up, when two men with paint-buckets and brushes, approached from this direction, and I plainly overheard the discussion."

"It must be those men who were painting here to-day," said Maude, a perceptible change in her voice. "But to whom am I indebted for this kindly warning?" she asked.

"I am Mr. Norris," said the stranger, removing his hat, "your neighbor. Perhaps you have noticed the chimneys of my residence across the creek."

Maude did not reply for several minutes, and such a strange light shone from her eyes that the gentleman gazed at her in surprise.

"I hope you will allow me to be of service to you," he said, deprecatingly.

And as if aroused to a sense of propriety, Maude replied graciously but with perceptible constraint, for the remembrance of a little old man, who called upon her father that very morning, had tended to confuse her. He rode a gray pony, and his errand concerned a "line fence."

"I am Mr. Norris," said the old man, "your neighbor." And pointing to the chimneys of the large stone house which showed above the hill, he added: "That's my place."

Almost the exact words of this handsome young stranger who had called upon so strange—not say suspicious—an errand.

No wonder Maude was confused, and as she thought the matter over, her fear of this gentlemanly informant who offered his services so politely became almost impossible to conceal.

But Maude Kennet was a brave girl, and at once commenced planning to outwit this smiling impositor.

"I think your best plan would be to collect everything of value and conceal it securely," said he; "and then we will watch for the burglars and outwit them, if possible, capture them."

Maude pretended to fall in with his ideas, and at once left the room.

"Kind Father, help me!" she murmured.

And after a moment's consideration, she took a common market-basket, and flying from cabinet to bureau, and from bureau to boxes, she gathered the money—about four hundred dollars—the silver and the few jewels, and throwing a towel over them, determined to make her escape, if possible.

But she had barely reached the door, when the stranger whom she had left sitting upon the front porch entered the room.

"It will never do for you to leave the house," he said, in a whisper, and somewhat sternly; "for it is their plan to come early, and it is getting so dark that they are probably about the premises even now."

Maude trembled like an aspen leaf. The loss of that money meant hard times for the winter, and she resolved to fight for it.

But she realized her weakness, and looked at the tall stranger, almost wondering why he did not step forward and take the basket from her hands.

"Please trust me, young lady!" he said, as if reading her thoughts.

And for a moment Maud felt like doing so. But reason came to her rescue, and at the same moment her eye lighted upon the trap-door covering an empty cistern of about twelve feet in depth, and a desperate resolve took possession of her.

"I'll drop the basket in the cistern," she said, in a trembling whisper; "it is dry."

To her surprise, the stranger at once set about putting the idea into execution. He lifted the door and peered into the yawning abyss.

"Now is my time," said Maude, under breath.

And stepping behind him, she summoned every particle of strength and fortitude in her possession, and with a tremendous push, sent him tumbling forward.

He tried to clutch the opposite edge, but with a heartlessness born of her frenzy, she slammed the door upon his fingers, and heard him drop to the bottom with the feeling with which a general surveys a battle-field strewn with the bodies of the enemy.

Then dragging a heavy box and placing over the door, she began to feel the reaction of nervous excitement, and, woman-fashion, would have taken relief in fainting, had not a new source of excitement immediately followed.

She had scarcely time to think of the situation, when a low rap at the front door sent the blood bounding again, and with her precious basket she stepped into the closet under the stairs, and awaited further developements.

She did not wait long. To her surprise, she heard a key fitted to the door, and the noise of two pair of feet crossing the hall.

It was now quite dark, but so bold were the intruders that they conversed openly, and Maude recognized the voices of the painters, and a faintness seized her as she thought how utterly she had disbelieved the stranger's story.

But without thinking of the extreme docility of her prisoner, she tried to believe him at least an accomplice. So great was her terror at this moment, that all else was forgotten.

She heard the horrible curses of disappointment as the men ransacked cabinets and bureaus, and even tore up the beds.

"Git the gal up; she's hid the stamps!" said one, with a fearful oath.

Passing within a foot of where the trembling girl was hidden, they tramped up the stairs.

"God help me—now or never!" murmured the well-nigh paralyzed girl.

She darted through the open door, and out into the highway; but scarcely a dozen yards had she traversed, when a shout of exultation from the upper rooms told her she was discovered.

Down the steps she heard them rush, heard their heavy boots as they rattled over the gravel-walk, and even their labored breathing reached her ear.

One backward glance. Two men were rapidly gaining upon her, and as she looked, a third. Ah! her prisoner had escaped! She knew the tall form and curling hair; and his long strides brought him rapidly over the ground.

A glad and undefinable sensation, then the noise of shots mingled with groans and curses, a deep earnest tone, a strong firm hand upon her shoulder, and an arm about her waist, and then a blank.

"Do not be alarmed!" were the first words which greeted her on her return to consciousness; and the stranger, and the impositor, bent over her tenderly, solicitously.

Maude struggled to a sitting postnre, and looked around.

She was upon a bench in the front porch; the moon had risen and lighted up the scene. Two men, silent and motionless, lay upon the ground at her feet, while beside her, with its precious contents intact, stood the basket.

"Are they dead?" she asked, looking from the prostrate forms upon the ground to the handsome face above her. "No; only sullen," was his response.

There were still two long hours before Maud could expect her parents. She could not look at the stranger whom she had so ruthlessly ill-treated; she could not bid him leave her. So being a brave girl, she impulsively begged his pardon; and as she grasped his hands, and saw the bruised and swollen fingers, she pressed her lips to them, and he was repaid.

"It served me right," said he, in his explanation. "Uncle has had charge of the farm so long, he begins to think it his. I should have been more neighborly."

But how did you get out?" asked Maude, her curiosity overcoming her embarrassment.

"I had some difficulty in removing the bricks to make stepping-places," said he; "but when I heard the wretches stamping and cursing, and thought of you, I succeeded, notwithstanding that box—"

"Oh, please, please—" begged Maud.

And he kindly forbore concluding the answer to her question.

The surprise of Papa and Mamma Kennet can be imagined, and Herbert Norris found himself to be the object of an everlasting gratitude. He consented to remain till morning and had the pleasure of delivering the burglars up to justice; and from that evening dated his appreciation of country life.

At Christmas-time, Mrs. Kennet was heard to remark that after all Herbert proved to be the robber.

A TWO-FOLD MARRIAGE LAW.

What is the condition of things to-day in America and in Massachusetts? What is the condition of the law and public sentiment on this great subject? There is to any one who studies carefully a most curious and most illogical confusion in regard to the whole matter, both of marriage and divorce, and that confusion arises from this curious fact: Both the laws and public sentiment of England and America to-day are the result of two truly contradictory ideals. Our common law, for example, is based on the old Roman law which has come down to us through England, and which we have borrowed from the parent country. Under the old Roman law, marriage was simply a civil contract, entered into voluntarily by a man and woman, and recognized and protected by the State; but it could be dissolved any time by the mutual consent of the parties entering into this contract, precisely the same as any business contract which you choose to enter upon—any business co-partnership which lasts as long as you please, and is dissolved by mutual consent and agreement. Divorce under this Roman law was not as common as you might think. Parties were held together by ties which made them wish to continue them themselves; but there was also a public sentiment in the older and purer days, and it was carried so far that the husband was severely punished at law on account of abusing his privileges. Here is one part of our sentiment—the legal condition of the subject of marriage and divorce. The other is canon law—the law of the church, which forbids divorce in any case whatever. This law has been dominant throughout Europe and in every country where the church has extended its sway, and until the present century the canon law was supreme in England, and there was no possibility of divorce except by special act of Parliament, which, however, was guilty of the curious inconsistency of holding up the state, church and ecclesiastical law of marriage with one hand and permitting escape from it with the other, and we are in this curious condition now, though the law is not supreme and marriage is a civil contract. You take the laws upon our statue books. Some carry the implication that marriage is a sacrament; some of them carry that it is only a civil sacrament, and they talk of it as a divine sacrament never to be annulled except as God has implied. We are in this illogical and contradictory position, both in our law and public sentiment.—[Rev. M. J. Savage.

THE MAINE GIRL'S GUM SUPPLY.

It costs $2,000 a year to keep Augusta citizens in chewing gum. Young ladies, especially those in school, are proverbially gum chewers, and it takes no small amount to keep them supplied. A Frenchman from Horeb Falls was in town the other day and marketed 125 pounds of the spruce article. One druggist took seventy-five pounds. It cost in the neighborhood of $1 a pound. It was prime gum, white and free from imperfections, was in lumps, and had been carefully scraped and cleaned. The man said that he had 200 pounds of gum at home which he proposed to market in Belfast. Gum from young trees is the best, being of a lighter color and of better flavor than that taken from old trees which is of a darker shade and has a rank taste. There are men who make gum-gathering a business, and derive a snug little income from this source. But the forests which grow this product are falling, and the day is not far distant when there will be a famine in genuine gum. The lumberman is making enormous inroads into the ranks of the trees, and the spruce-worm has injured or killed thousands.

BILL POSTING.

Men Who Have "Painted the Town" and Country.

An English stage manager, in a pamphlet on advertising written about 1850, asserted that the business of poster advertising, even then supposed to have outgrown all reasonable proportions, was yet but in its infancy; that the time would come when every inch of blank surface in this mundane sphere would be devoted to the purpose of advertising. Curiously enough, about the time this prophecy was made a scheme was inaugurated by a single individual on this side of the water which was destined to go a long way toward its fulfillment. In the winter of 1849-50 a young sign-painter, of Brooklyn, finding his business very dull, amused himself by going along the Harlem Road and painting his name, occupation and business on all the rocks and fences. Several business men were struck with the idea and employed the young man to blazen advertisements for them in various localities. Soon after, securing a large number of contracts for the work, he traveled up the Missouri river, exercising his peculiar talents on the bare crags of the Rocky Mountains. He journeyed into Oregon and daubed her pyramids, down the golden valley of the Sac, over the granite cliffs of the stering legends of "liver pills," "ague pads," etc., to terrify the wandering savage and buffalo. We are happy to say he was shot at several times and had to run to save his wretched hide. He was pursued soon after by a rival as fearless and unscrupulous as himself. Finally, the two went into partnership and between them transformed the country into a vast bill-board. They established their headquarters in New York and undertook, at specified rates, to advertise merchants, medicines, etc., in as few or many States as desired. In 1880 the manager of this business—the quandom Brooklyn sign-painter, now a millionaire—declares that he and his partner had traveled 1,500,000 miles, had painted 90,000 signs, and used 500 barrels of linseed oil and 150 tons of white lead. This was before they two retired from active participation in the manual part of the business. They now have this work done by their 1,800 agents, through whom they can work the whole United States on the bill-board plan. They charge for billing a patent medicine in seventeen States $30,000.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.

ROUGH ON THE LANDLADY.

The prejudice against the average female boarding-house keeper seems to be confined to no particular State.

Sam Hinchman and Bill Perkins were discussing matters and things over a cup of coffee in an Austin eating-house, when the conversation drifted to a recent occurrence in Philadelphia.

"Did you read about that Hungarian Countess in a Philadelphia boarding-house who shot and wounded the boy who told her to put out the gas, and who fired several shots at the landlady and missed her?" asked Sam.

"Yes, I read all about that. That woman should be made an example of. She should receive the heaviest penalty of the law," responded Bill.

"I agree with you precisely. There is no punishment severe enough for that kind of woman who would shoot a mere boy for doing simply what he is told to do."

"Oh, as far as that is concerned, I don't blame her at all for shooting the boy. If that was all she done I wouldn't think hard of her; but to shoot three times at the landlady of a boarding-house, and miss her every time is a crime against humanity. I've lived and suffered in a boarding-house, and I know what kind of a fiend I'm talking about. A woman who can't shoot better than that Hungarian Countess did ought not to be allowed to have a pistol. If she had only crippled up the landlady I would not mind so it much; but to miss her entirely is simply infamous. There are no mitigating circumstances. She is not a woman at all; she is a base imposition on the public."—[Texas Siftings.

HONESTY REWARDED.

George came running in the house one day, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Why, Georgy!" exclaimed his mamma, starting up in alarm, "whatever is the matter?" [Note—She said, "*what* is the matter?" but she would have said "whatever" had she known that her words would be seen in print.]

"I have done a naughty, mean thing," cried George, his tears breaking out afresh.

"There, dear, don't cry! Tell it all to mamma."

Thus urged, the little fellow told his story, with downcast eyes and many a mighty sob.

He had found a pocketbook with ever and ever so much money in it. It had a name which showed him that it belonged to Mr. Soulless, the rich merchant, who lived five miles out of town. George had walked out to Mr. Soulless' place and found the owner in a state bordering on distraction. He had lost his pocketbook, with nearly a thousand dollars in it. Said George—

"When I gave him the pocketbook he was so glad! He didn't notice me at first, but after counting the money and finding that none was missing he said I was an honest boy, and handed me a five cent piece, telling me to keep that for my honesty."

"And oh, mamma," continued George, "I can't help thinking what a mean little honesty I must have when it's only worth a nickel."

TWELVE TEXAS MILLIONAIRS.

Major Sayers, the Stephen A. Douglas of Texas, is one of the famous cattle men. He is probably about 45, weighs near 180, dark complexion, black hair, inclined to grizzly gray and always worn short, wears a mustache and goatee, and has a strong likeness to General John A. Logan as he appeared fifteen years ago. Sayers hails from Bastrop county. John N. Simpson, a short man, 37 years old, owns the better part of 100,000 head of cattle. R. H. Overall, of Coleman, is an old Missourian. He is pleasant in appearance, light complexion, 48 to 50 years of age, weighs 180 perhaps, and is reputed to be worth $2,000,000 in cattle and land.

Ex-Senator Lane, of San Antonio, of the firm of Lane & Millett, was a conspicuous figure in the Austin cattle convention. He is about six feet two inches, very slim straight as an Indian (and it may be added as black and swarthy as a Comanche), with piercing eyes, straight black hair and very dignified in appearance on the street. He is a native cowboy, delights in having it known, a lawyer by profession, somewhat of a politician and exceedingly shrewd and adroit opponent in debate. Lane & Millett own about 125,000 acres of land and employ sixty cowboys all the time. H. H. Campbell of Motley county, represented in the convention $2,000,000 in land and cattle. C. C. Slaughter, of Dallas, at the age of 45, is worth $750,000.

George W. West, of Live Oak, was born in Lavacca county, is 37 to 38, is slender, don't talk much, but has the most convincing ways at a band counter of any one you are likely to meet. He owns one pasture containing 125,000 head of cattle, and considers a check for $100,000 a rather small transaction. Senator N. G. Collins, who hadn't 10 cents to begin with, is worth $1,000,000 made in cattle. L. B. Harris is much like him. The latter has one ranch in Tom Green embracing 65,000 acres, which is a half-day's ride in length, and takes in ten to fifteen miles of the Colorado river.

"Dick" King is literally king in the business. He has 65,000 acres of land in one body, 40,000 in another at St. Gertrude's another in Cameron of about the same extent, and many smaller tracts in his opinion scarcely worth mentioning.

A. W. Pierce, of Matagorda, was a cowboy, but now owns one pasture from the Gulf to the Colorado river, sixty-four miles long, besides 10,000 acres caney land on Matagorda Bay. He is tall, slightly gray, a great wag and storyteller.

E. C. Sugg, of Gainesville, Texas, has immense herds in the Indian Territory and in Wyoming. He is about 30, a great, big, fine-looking fellow, weighs over 200, and is honerable always and generous to a fault. He came to Texas at the close of the war a poor boy. He is said to be worth at least $1,250,000.

THE BASIS OF SOCIALISM.

Four philosophers sat about a round table in a hostelry in Twenty-fourth street and discussed the signs of the times as they quaffed their lager.

"I tell you," said the bloodthirsty philosopher, as he made a semi-circle incision the size of a barrel-top in a cheese sandwich, "I tell you, and you mark me, that the Cincinnati riot is only a premonition! There are bloody days before us and they are not far away. Outraged man is crying to Heaven for vengeance, and Heaven failing to interfere, he will avenge himself, and his revenge will be a fearful one. I feel the time approaching, and when the down-trodden majority turn upon their oppressors there will be riot and carnage before which the horror of the Reign of Terror shall pale into insignificance, and when that time comes I shall lead the avengers! I am a Socialist from beginning to end, from first to last, from Alpha to Omaha! The fire of insubordination and Socialism is in me! I am full of it!"

"And I am with you," declared the youthful philosopher. "I am full of it, too."

"You're both of you fuller of beer," observed the skeptical philosopher.

"Well," the drunken philosopher remarked, with a sage hiccough, "beer ish the bassih of Socialism, anyway. Thash all rigsh."

HE WAS SO CAREFUL.

"There Frances, you've caught another cold, and I'll warrant you caught it when you were out walking with Joe last night."

"Oh, no, mother! I couldn't have caught it then, 'cause we didn't go fast enough to catch anything in fact, we just sat down on the stile and studied astronomy!"

"And did you have anything around you my dear?"

"O yes, indeed I did! Joe's always particular about that; he won't allow me to sit down anywhere in the evening air without putting something around me."

A New York temperance orator employs an actor to perform the part of the "terrible example." This is a happy thought. It gives the actor a fine opportunity to display his dramatic ability, is much more reliable than the genuine "horrible example," who is not infrequently too horribly horrible to come on, and it saves beer money. It takes a heap of fluids to keep a genuine sacred Siamese horrible example in constant training.

It has been ascertained by a careful study of statistics that habitual indulgence in astronomy actually prolongs life, and also that the average length of life of habitual astronomers is sixty-four years and three month.

GOLD MINES.

The First Australian Digger—Experience in California Put to Account.

The first Australian digger was Edward Hargreaves. George Southerland, who has written a useful article on the beginning of the gold fields, started with Hargreaves, who, having been reduced to sell his sheep as tallow in Australia, migrated to the newly discovered gold regions of California. He did not do well there, but he observed the similarity of the auriferous soil in California to spots he had noticed in New South Wales. Like the boy in the fable who left his mountain home for the pretty blue mountains, only to find that those he had left were equally blue, Hargreaves returned and literally in the Blue Mountains found gold. The Hon. Mr. McIntyre of the Victorian Legislature has told me some particulars of Hargreaves. Capt. Devlin met him in California, and although regarding his hopes of discovering gold in Australia as delusive, assisted him to return to Sydney.

They travelled together, and on the day after their arrival the Captain saw Hargreaves mounted on an old horse, to obtain which he had borrowed some money at over 100 per cent. As he travelled to the Blue Mountains he told everybody he encountered of his faith and hope, but all laughed at him save one. Mrs. Lister, landlady of an inn where he stopped, who sent her son to be his guide. Sure enough the gold was found, and Hargreaves broke into a laugh, saying to young lister: "This is a memorable day in the history of New South Wales. For this day's work I shall be created a baronet, you will be knighted, and my old horse will be stuffed with straw and sent to the British Museum!" But he is plain Edward Hargreaves yet, and Victoria has not yet paid up all its part of the money voted him by the colonies. However, he was rewarded about £15,000, which, as Mr. Sutherland remarks, is in notable contrast with the poverty and neglect in which died another Hargreaves, inventor of the spinning Jenny, which has coined £300,000,000 sterling.

The Colonial Secretary of the time disbelieved the discovery, because the regular geologists had not made it; and his disbelief was succeeded by dislike of it. "You must remember," he said to Hargreaves, "that as soon as Australia becomes known as a gold-producing country, it is utterly spoiled as a receptacle of convicts." This Secretary, who discouraged the gold discovery, Deas Thompson, was afterward made a "Sir," but not the discoverer—who, by the way, spent only a year or two in the search for gold, and is now a hale and happy old gentleman of Sydney.

The discoverer of gold in Victoria was James Esmond, who also got his training in California, where his experience was much the same as that of Hargreaves. He returned to Australia with a new eye in his head for rocks and earths, and his discovery was near Ballarat. The name of the spot was, I believe, Poverty Flat, and the name proved ominous. After getting together a considerable fortune, poor Esmond lost it all in trying to make it bigger.

I had the pleasure of an introduction to this Hon. Peter Lalor, Speaker of the Victorian Legislature. He is a large and striking figure, but his glory is the stump of his lost arm. The Speaker's arm was lost while fighting against the Victorian soldiery in riots at the Eureka mine, near Ballarat. When thousands were out here digging for gold, the Government (then under Gov. Hotham) imposed on each digger the necessity of obtaining a license, for which he had to pay thirty shillings a month. Mr. Sutherland has, unfortunately, not told in his pamphlet the story of the riots, a romantic page in the history of Ballarat. It was in 1854, when the gold fever was in its height, that this cost for licenses—which some did not get gold enough to pay for—was felt to be excessive. But no rebellion against it might have occurred had not the Government forced it in an oppressive and exasperating way. I have been told by persons who were mixed up in the affair that a man was liable to be accosted by a policeman at any moment and his license demanded, and if he did not happen to have it about him, was at once handcuffed and chained to a log, there to remain for trial next day. The diggers' blood boiled over at last, but, like many English agitators before them, they made a false step—they took to soldiering.—[From the Australasian.

FASHION NOTES.

Sunshades are entirely neglected.

Gloves are closed with small plain gold buttons.

Silk hose are sprinkled with blossoms embroidered in the natural hues.

Bluish-gray is especially affected by misses in silk and wool costumes.

Champignom, mushroom color, is one of the fashionable tints of the season.

Fans have natural claw handles mounted in gold, silver, cut steel or ivory.

Lace fischus have high shoulder pieces, and end with a jabot below the waist.

The arrow is a favorite design in the fancy ornaments used on dresses and hats.

Nun's veiling and linen lawns have colored figures similar to the sateen designs.